A

Funeral Sermon,

Preached at the

OBSEQUIES

OF THE

Right Reverend Father in God

JEREMY

Lord Bishop of DOWN:

Who deceased at

LISBURNE

August 13th. 1667.

BY

GEORGE RUST, Lord Bishop of

DROMORE.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Royston*, Bookseller to the King's most Excellent Majesty. 1672.

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Right Reverend Father in God

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Lord Bishop of DOWN:

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LISBURNE

August 13th. 1697.

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GEORGE RUST, Lord Bishop of
DROMORE.

LONDON,

Printed for R. Taylor, Bookseller to the King's most Excellent Majesty. 1712.

A Funeral Sermon.

1 JOHN 3. 2.

It doth not yet appear what we shall be

GLorious things are spoken in Scripture concerning the future Reward of the Righteous; and all the words that are wont to signifie what is of greatest Price and Value, or can represent the most enravishing Objects of our desires are made use of, by the Holy Ghost, to recommend unto us this transcendent State of Blessednes: Such are these; *Rivers of Pleasures, A fountain of living water, A treasure that can never be wasted, nor never taken from us; An inheritance in light, An incorruptible Crown, A Kingdom, the Kingdom of God, and the Kingdom of Christ; The Kingdom of Glory, a Crown of Glory and Life; and Righteousnes, and Immortality; The Vision of God; Being fill'd with all the fulnes of God, An exceeding eternal weight of Glory,* καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν αἰωνιον βαρος δοξης, Words strangely Emphatical, that can't be put into *English*; and if they could, they would not be able to convey to our minds the Notion that they design: for it is too big for any Expressions; and, after all that can be said, we must resolve with our Apostle, *It does not yet appear what we shall be.*

At this Distance we cannot make any likely guesses or conjectures at the glory of that future state. Men make very imperfect Descriptions of Countries or Cities, that never were there themselves, nor saw the Places with their own eyes. It is not for any mortal Creature to make a Map of that *Canaan* that lies above: It is to all us that live here on the hither-side of Death, an unknown Countrey, and an undiscover'd Land. It may be, some Heavenly Pilgrim, that with his holy thoughts and ardent desires, is continually travelling thitherward, arrives sometimes near the Borders of the promis'd Land, and the Suburbs of the new *Jerusalem*, and gets upon the top of *Pisgah*, and there he has an imperfect Prospect of a brave Countrey, that lies afar way off; but he can't tell how to describe it, and all that he hath to say, to satisfie the curious Enquirer, is only this, If he would know the glories of it, he must go and see it. It was believ'd of old, that those places that lie under the Line, were burnt up by the continual heat of the Sun, and were not habitable, either by man or beast: But later Discoveries tell us, that there are the most pleasant Countries that the Earth can shew; insomuch that some have plac'd Paradise it self in that Climate. Sure I

A

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It doth not yet appear what we ſhall be

GLorious things are ſpoken in Scripture concerning the future Reward of the Righteous; and all the words that are wont to ſignifie what is of greateſt Price and Value, or can repreſent the moſt enraviſhing Objects of our deſires are made uſe of, by the Holy Ghoſt, to recommend unto us this tranſcendent State of Bleſſedneſs: Such are theſe; *Rivers of Pleaſures, A fountain of living water, A treaſure that can never be waſted, nor never taken from us; An inheritance in light, An incorruptible Crown, A Kingdom, the Kingdom of God, and the Kingdom of Chriſt; The Kingdom of Glory; a Crown of Glory and Life; and Righteouſneſs, and Immortality; The Viſion of God; Being fill'd with all the fulneſs of God, An exceeding eternal weight of Glory,* καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν αἰωνιον βαρος δοξης, Words ſtrangely Emphatical, that can't be put into *Engliſh*; and if they could, they would not be able to convey to our minds the Notion that they deſign: for it is too big for any Expreſſions; and, after all that can be ſaid, we muſt reſolve with our Apoſtle, *It does not yet appear what we ſhall be.*

At this Diſtance we cannot make any likely gueſſes or conjectures at the glory of that future ſtate. Men make very imperfect Deſcriptions of Countries or Cities, that never were there themſelves, nor ſaw the Places with their own eyes. It is not for any mortal Creature to make a Map of that *Canaan* that lies above: It is to all us that live here on the hither-ſide of Death, an unknown Countrey, and an undiſcover'd Land. It may be, ſome Heavenly Pilgrim, that with his holy thoughts and ardent deſires, is continually travelling thitherward, arrives ſometimes near the Borders of the promis'd Land, and the Suburbs of the new *Jeruſalem*, and gets upon the top of *Piſgah*, and there he has an imperfect Proſpect of a brave Countrey, that lies afar way off; but he can't tell how to deſcribe it, and all that he hath to ſay, to ſatisfie the curious Enquirer, is only this, If he would know the glories of it, he muſt go and ſee it. It was believ'd of old, that thoſe places that lie under the Line, were burnt up by the continual heat of the Sun, and were not habitable, either by man or beaſt: But later Diſcoveries tell us, that there are the moſt pleaſant Countries that the Earth can ſhew; inſomuch that ſome have plac'd Paradiſe it ſelf in that Climate. Sure I am,

am, of all the Regions of the Intellectual World, and the ſeveral Lands that are peopled either with Men or Angels, the moſt pleaſant Countries they lie under the Line, under the direct beams of the Sun of Righteouſneſs, where there is an eternal Day, and an eternal Spring; where is that Tree of Life, that beareth twelve manner of Fruits, and yieldeth her Fruit every Month: Thus we may uſe Figures, and Metaphors, and Allegories, and tell you of fruitful Meads, and ſpacious Fields, and winding Rivers, and purling Brooks, and chanting Birds, and ſhady Groves, and pleaſant Gardens, and lovely Bowers, and noble Seats, and ſtately Palaces, and goodly People, and excellent Laws, and ſweet Societies; but, this is but to frame little compariſons to pleaſe our childiſh fancies: and, juſt ſuch diſcourſes as a blind man would make concerning Colours; ſo do we talk of thoſe things we never ſaw, and diſparage the ſtate whilſt we would recommend it. Indeed it requires ſome Saint or Angel from Heaven to diſcourſe upon the Subject; and yet that would not do neither: For though they might be able to ſpeak ſomething of it, yet we ſhould want ears to hear it. Neither can thoſe things be declar'd but in the language of Heaven, which would be little underſtood by us, the poor inhabitants of this lower World; they are indeed things too great to be brought within the compaſs of words. Saint *Paul*, when he had been rapt up into the third Heaven, he ſaw ῥήματα ἄῤῥητα, things unlawful, or unpoſſible, to be utter'd; and, *Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive, what God hath prepared for them that love him*; and, *It does not yet appear what we ſhall be*, ſaid that beloved Diſciple, that lay in the boſom of our Saviour.

You will not now expect, that I ſhould give you a relation of that which cannot be utter'd, nor ſo much *as conceiv'd*; or declare unto you what our Eagle-ſighted Evangeliſt tells us *does not yet appear*. But, that you may underſtand, that that which ſets this ſtate of Happineſs ſo beyond the reach of all imagination, is only its tranſcendent excellency; I ſhall tell you ſomething of what does already appear of it, and may be known concerning it.

1. Firſt of all we are aſſur'd that we ſhall then be freed from all the evils and miſeries that we now labour under: Vanity and Miſery, they are two words that ſpeak the whole of this preſent World; the enjoyments of it are dreams, and fancies, and ſhadows, and appearances; and, if any thing be, it is only Evil and Miſery that is real and ſubſtantial. Vanity and folly, labour and pains, cares and fears, croſſes and diſappointments, ſickneſs and diſeaſes, they make up the whole of our portion here. This life it is begun in a Cry, and it ends in a Groan; and he that lives moſt happily, his life is checker'd with black and white, and his dayes are not all Sun-ſhine, but ſome are cloudy and gloomy, and there is a Worm at the root of all his joy, that ſoon eats out the ſap and heart of it; and the Gourd in whoſe ſhade he now ſo much pleaſes himſelf, by to morrow will be wither'd and gone. But Heaven is not ſubject to theſe mixtures and uncertainties; it is a region of calmneſs and ſerenity, and the Soul is there gotten above the Clouds, and is not annoyed with thoſe ſtorms and tempeſts that are here below. All tears ſhall then be wiped from our Eyes; and though ſorrow may endure for the night of this World, yet joy will ſpring up in the morning of Eternity.

2. We are ſure we ſhall be freed from this earthly, and cloath'd with an heavenly and glorified Body. Theſe bodies of ours they are the graves and ſepulchres, the priſons and dungeons of our Heaven-born Souls; and

and though we deck and adorn them, and pride our selves in their beauty and comeliness; yet, when all is done, they are but sinks of corruption and defilement: they expose us to many pains and diseases, and incline us to many lusts and passions, and the more we pamper them, the greater burden they are unto our minds; they impose upon our reasons, and by their steams and vapours cast a mist before our understandings; they clog our affections, and like a heavy weight depress us unto this earth, and keep us from soaring aloft among the winged Inhabitants of the upper Regions: But those Robes of light and glory, which we shall be cloath'd withall at the Resurrection of the Just, and those Heavenly Bodies which the Gospel hath then assur'd unto us, they are not subject to any of these mischiefs and inconveniencies, but are fit and accommodate instruments for the Soul in its highest Exaltations. And this is an argument that the Gospel does dwell much upon, *viz.* the Redemption of our Bodies, that *He shall change our vile bodies, that they may be like unto his glorious Body*; and we are taught to look upon it as one great piece of our Reward, that we shall be *cloath'd upon with our house which is from Heaven*; that *this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal immortality*: that, *as we have born the image of the earthly, so we must bear the image of the heavenly Adam*: who was ἐξ οὐρανοῦ οὐράνιος, *of heaven heavenly*; *as the first man was*, ἐκ γῆς χοϊκος, *of the earth earthy*. And therefore, I think, the Schools put too mean a rate upon this great Promise of the Gospel, The Resurrection of our Bodies; and, I believe, it might be demonstrated from the principles of sound Philosophy, That this Article of our Christian Faith, which the Atheist makes so much sport withall, is so far from being chargeable with any absurdity, that it is founded upon the Highest Reason; for, seeing we find by too great an experience, that the Soul has so close and necessary a dependance upon this gross and earthy Mass that we now carry about with us; it may be disputed with some probability, whether it be ever able to act independently of all matter whatsoever: at least, we are assur'd, that the state of conjunction is most connatural to her; and that, Intellectual pleasure it self is not only multiplied, but the better felt, by its redundancy upon the body and spirits; and if it be so, then the purer and more defecate the Body is, the better will the Soul be appointed for the exercise of its noblest Operations; and it will be no mean piece of our reward hereafter, that that which is sown σῶμα ψυχικὸν, an *animal*, shall be raised *a heavenly body*.

We are sure, that we shall then be free from sin, and all those foolish lusts and passions that we are now enslaved unto. The life of a Christian, it is a continual Warfare; and he endures many sore conflicts, and makes many sad complaints, and often bemoans himself after such a manner, as this: Wo is me, that I am forc'd to dwell in *Meshech*, and to have my habitation in the Tents of *Kedar*; that there should be so many *Goliah*'s within me, that defie the Host of *Israel*; so many sons of *Anak* that hinder my entrance into the *Land of Promise*, and the Rest of God; that I should toil and labour among the bricks, and live in bondage unto these worse than Egyptian Task-Masters. Thus does he sit down by the Rivers of *Babylon*, and weep over those ruines and desolations that these worse than Assyrian Armies have made in the City, and House of his God. And many a time does he cry out in the bitterness of his Soul, *Wretched creature that I am! Who shall deliver me from this body of death?* And though, through his faith, and courage, and

conſtancy, he be daily getting ground of his Spiritual enemies; yet it is but by inches, and every ſtep he takes, he muſt fight for it; and living as he does in an Enemies Countrey, he is forc'd alwayes to be upon his Guard; and if he ſlumber never ſo little, preſently he is ſurpriz'd by a watchful Adverſary. This is our portion here, and our lot is this; but when we arrive unto thoſe Regions of bliſs and glory that are above, we ſhall then ſtand ſafely upon the ſhore, and and ſee all our enemies, *Pharaoh* and all his Hoſt, drown'd and deſtroy'd in the *Rea-Sea*, and being deliver'd from the World, and the Fleſh, and the Devil, Death, and Sin, and Hell, we ſhall ſing the Song of *Moſes*, and of the *Lamb*, an Epinicion, and Song of eternal Triumph, unto the God of our Salvation.

4. We ſhall be ſure to meet with the beſt company that Earth or Heaven affords: Good Company it is the great pleaſure of the life of man; And we ſhall then come *to the innumerable company of Angels, and the general Aſſembly of the Church of the Firſt-born, and to the Spirits of juſt men made perfect, and to Jeſus the Mediator of the New Covenant.* The Oracle tells *Amelius*, enquiring what was become of *Polinus*'s ſoul, that he was gone to *Pythagoras*, and *Socrates*, and *Plato*, and as many as had born a part in the Quire of heavenly love. And I may ſay to every good man, that he ſhall go to the Company of *Abraham*, *Iſaac*, and *Jacob*; *Moſes*, *David*, and *Samuel*; all the Prophets and Apoſtles, and all the holy men of God that have been in all the Ages of the World. All thoſe brave and excellent perſons that have been ſcattered at the greateſt diſtance of time and place, and in their ſeveral generations have been the ſalt of the earth to preſerve mankind from utter degeneracy and corruption; Theſe ſhall be all gathered together, and meet in one Conſtellation in that Firmament of Glory. *O Præclarum diem, cùm ad illud divinorum animorum concilium cœtúmque proficiſcar, atque ex hac turbidæ colluvione diſcedam! O that bleſſed day, when we ſhall make our eſcape from this medly and confuſed riot, and ſhall arrive to that great Council and general Randevouz, of divine and god-like Spirits!* But, which is more than all, we ſhall then meet our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, the Head of our Recovery, whoſe ſtory is now ſo delightful unto us, as reporting nothing of him, but the greateſt ſweetneſs and innocence, and meekneſs and patience, and mercy and tenderneſs, and benignity and goodneſs, and whatever can render any perſon lovely or amiable; and who, out of his dear love and deep compaſſion unto mankind, gave up himſelf unto the death for us men, and for our ſalvation. And if Saint *Auguſtine* made it one of his Wiſhes, to have ſeen Jeſus Chriſt in the fleſh; how much more deſirable is it, to ſee him out of his terreſtrial weeds, in his robes of Glory, with all his redeemed Ones about him! And this I cannot but look upon, as a great Advantage and priviledge of that future State; for I am not apt to ſwallow down that Conceit of the Schools, that we ſhall ſpend Eternity in gazing upon the naked Deity; for certainly the happineſs of man conſiſts in having all his faculties, in their due ſubordinations, gratified with their proper objects; and I cannot but believe, a great part of Heaven to be the bleſt Society that is there; Their enravihing beauty, that is to ſay, their inward life and perfection, flowring forth and raying it ſelf thorow their glorified bodies; The rare diſcourſes wherewith they entertain one another; The pure and chaſt and ſpotleſs, and yet moſt ardent Love, where-

wherewith they embrace each other; The ecstatick Devotions wherein they joyn together: and certainly every pious and devout soul will readily acknowledge with me, that it must needs be matter of unspeakable pleasure, to be taken into the Quire of Angels and Seraphims, and the glorious Company of the Apostles, and the goodly Fellowship of the Prophets, and the noble Army of Martyrs; and to joyn with them in singing Praises, and Hallelujahs, and Songs of joy, and Triumph unto our great Creator and Redeemer, the Father of Spirits, and the Lover of Souls, unto him that sits upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

We are sure we shall then have our capacities fill'd, and all our desires answered, *They hunger no more, neither thirst any more; for, the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters.* What vast degrees of perfection and happiness the nature of man is capable of, we may best understand, by viewing it in the person of Christ, taken into the neerest union with Divinity, and made God's Vicegerent in the World, and the Head and Governour of the whole Creation. In this our narrow and contracted state we are apt to think too meanly of our selves, and do not understand the dignity of our own Natures, what we were made for, and what we are capable of: but, as *Plotinus* somewhere observes, We are like Children, from our birth brought up in ignorance of, and at a great distance from, our Parents and Relations; and have forgot the Nobleness of our Extraction, and rank our selves and our fortunes among the lot of Beggers, and mean and ordinary persons; though we are the off-spring of a great Prince, and were born to a Kingdom. It does indeed become creatures to think modestly of themselves; yet, if we consider it aright, it will be found very hard, to set any bounds or limits to our own happiness, and say, Hitherto it shall arise, and no further. For that wherein the happiness of Man consists, *viz.* Truth and Goodness, the Communication of the Divine Nature, and the Illapses of Divine Love, it does not cloy, or glut, or satiate; but every participation of them does widen and enlarge our Souls, and fits us for further and further Receptions: the more we have, the more we are capable of; the more we are fill'd, the more room is made in our Spirits; and thus it is still and still, even till we arrive unto such degrees as we can assign no measures unto. 5.

We shall then be made like unto God, Ἡ σωτηρία γὰρ ἐτέρως γένεται ἢ μὴ θεουμένων ἡμῶν οὐ σωζομένων; said the *Areopagite*, Salvation can no otherwayes be accomplish'd, but by becoming God-like; *It does not yet appear what we shall be*, but *when he shall appear we shall be like him*; says our Evangelist; for *we shall see him as he is.* There is no *seeing God as he is*, but *by becoming like unto him*; nor is there any injoying of him, but by being transformed into his Image and Similitude. Men usually have very strange Notions concerning God, and the enjoyment of him; or rather, these are words, to which there is no correspondent conception in their minds: but if we would understand God aright, we must look upon him as Infinite Wisdom, Righteousness, Love, Goodness, and whatever speaks any thing of Beauty and Perfection; and if we pretend to worship him, it must be by loving and adoring his transcendent Excellencies; and if we hope to enjoy him, it must be by conformity unto him, and participation of his Nature.

The frame and constitution of things is such, that it is impossible that Man should arrive to happiness any other way. And, if the Soveraignty of God should dispense with our obedience, the Nature of the thing would not permit us to be happy without it: If we live only the Animal Life, we may indeed be happy, as Beasts are happy; but the Happiness that belongs to a Rational and Intellectual Being, can never be attain'd but in a way of holiness and conformity unto the Divine Will; for, such a temper and disposition of mind is necessary unto Happiness, not by vertue of any arbitrarious constitution of Heaven, but, the eternal Laws of Righteousness, and immutable respects of things, do require and exact it: Yea, I may truly say, That God and Christ, without us, cannot make us happy: for we are not conscious to our selves of any thing, but only the operations of our own minds; and 'tis not the person of God and Christ, but their Life and Nature, wherein consists our formal Happiness: For, What is the happiness of God himself, but only that pleasure and satisfaction that results from a sense of his Infinite perfections? And how is it possible for a Creature to be more happy, than by partaking of that, in its measure and proportion, which is the happiness of God himself.

The Soul, being thus prepar'd, shall live in the Presence of God, and lie under the influences and illapses of Divine Love and Goodness; *Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.* They that fight manfully under the Banners of Heaven, and overcome their spiritual Enemies, *They shall eat of the hidden Manna, and become Pillars in the Temple of God, and shall go no more out: They shall stand before the Throne of God continually, and serve him Day and Night in his Temple, and he that sitteth on the Throne shall dwell amongst them.* God shall put under them his everlasting Arms, and carry them in his Bosom, and they shall suck the full Breasts of eternal Goodness: For now there is nothing can hinder the most near and intimate conjunction of the Soul with God; for, things that are alike, do easily mingle with one another: but the mixture that is betwixt Bodies, be they never so homogeneal, comes but to an External Touch; for their parts can never run up into one another. But there is no such ἀντιτυπία, or resistance, amongst spiritual Beings; and we are estranged from God (ὐ τόπῳ, ἀλλ' ἑτερότητι καὶ διαφορᾷ) not by distance of Place, but by difference and diversity of Nature, and when that is remov'd, He becomes present to us, and we to him: ὡς τὸ ἁρμόσαι καὶ οἷον ἁφάψασθαι καὶ ἑνῶσαι αὐτὸν ὁμοιότητι, &c. like the *Magnitudines congruæ* in the Mathematicks, *Quando prima primis, media mediis, extrema extremis, partes denique partibus æquemodè respondent*, Each of whose parts do exactly answer one to the other. This therefore is the Soul's progress from that state of *Purgation* to *Illumination*, and so to *Union*. There are several faculties in the Soul of Man, that are conformed to several kinds of objects; and, according to that Life a man is awaked into, so these faculties do exert themselves: and though whilst we live barely an Animal Life, we converse with little more than this outward World, and the objects of our Senses; yet there are faculties within us that are receptive of God, and when we arrive once unto a due measure of Purity of Spirit, the Rayes of Heavenly Light will as certainly shine into our Minds, as the beams of the Sun, when it arises above the Horison, do illuminate the clear and pellucid air: And from this sight and illumination, the Soul proceeds to

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an intimate union with God, and to a *taſt* and *touch* of him. This is that πνευματικὴ ἐπαφὴ, that *ſpiritual touch* with God, that fills the Soul with unexpreſſible joy and triumph! For, if the objects of this outward world that ſtrike upon our ſenſes do ſo hugely pleaſe and delight us; What infinite pleaſure then muſt there needs be in thoſe Touches and Impreſſes, that the Divine Love and Goodneſs ſhall make upon our Souls? But theſe are things that we may talk of, as we would do of a ſixth Senſe, or ſomething we have no diſtinct Notion or Idæa of; but the perfect underſtanding of them belongs only to the future ſtate of *Comprehenſion*.

Laſtly, we ſhall have our Knowledge, and our Love, which are the moſt perfect and beatifying Acts of our Minds, employed about their nobleſt objects in their moſt exalted Meaſures; For a Man to reſolve himſelf in ſome knotty Queſtion, or anſwer ſome ſtubborn Argument, or find out ſome noble Concluſion, or ſolve ſome hard Probleme, what ineffable pleaſure does it create many times to a contemplative mind? We know, who ſacrific'd a Hecatomb for one Mathematical Demonſtration; and another that upon the like occaſion cry'd out, εὕρηκα, εὕρηκα, in a kind of Rapture. To have the ſecrets of Nature diſcloſ'd, and the myſteries of Art reveal'd; but above all, the Riddles of Providence unfolded, are ſuch Jewels as I know many ſearching and inquiſitive Spirits would be willing to purchaſe at any rate. When we come to Heaven (I will not ſay, we ſhall ſee all things in the mirror of Divinity, for that it may be is an Extravagancy of the Schools; nor, that any one true Propoſition through the concatenation of Truth, will then multiply it ſelf into the expliciť knowledge of all Concluſions whatſoever, for I belive that a Fancy too, but) our Knowledge ſhall be ſtrangely enlarg'd, and, for ought I can determine, be for ever receiving new Additions, and freſh Accruements; The Clew of Divine Providence will then be unravell'd, and all thoſe Difficulties which now perplex us, will be eaſily aſſoyl'd, and we ſhall then perceive that the Wiſdom and Goodneſs of God, is a vaſt and comprehenſive Thing, and moves in a far larger Sphere than we are aware of in this ſtate of narrowneſs and imperfection: But there is ſomething greater and beyond all this; and Saint *John* has a ſtrange Expreſſion, That we ſhall then ſee God even as he is; and God, we know, is the well-ſpring of Perfection and Happineſs, the Fountain and Original of all Beauty; he is infinitely glorious, and lovely, and excellent; and if we ſee him as he is, all this Glory muſt deſcend into us and become ours: for we can no otherwayes ſee God (as I ſaid before) but by becoming Deiform, by being changed into the ſame Glory. But love, that is it, which makes us moſt happy, and by that we are moſt intimately conjoyn'd unto God, *For he that dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God, and God in him*: And how pleaſant beyond all imagination muſt it needs be, to have the Soul melted into a flame of Love, and that Fire fed and nouriſh'd by the enjoyment of its Beloved; To be tranſported into Ecſtaſies, and Raptures of Love; to be ſwallow'd up in the embraces of eternal Sweetneſs; to be loſt in the Source and Fountain of Happineſs and Bliſs, like a ſpark in the Fire, or a beam in the Sun, or drop in the Ocean.

It may be you will tell me, I have been all this while conſuting my Text, and giving you a Relation of that which Saint *John* tells us, *does not yet appear what it is*; But my deſign has been the ſame with the Holy

Evangelist's; and that is, to represent unto you how transcendently great that State of Happiness must needs be; when as, by what way we are able to apprehend of it, it is infinitely the object of our desires; and yet we are assur'd by those that are best able to tell, That the best and greatest part of the Countrey is yet undiscovered, and that we cannot so much as guess at the pleasure of it, till we come to enjoy it: And indeed it is impossible it should be otherwise; for, Happiness being a matter of Sense, all the words in the World cannot convey the Notion of it unto our Minds, and it is only to be understood by them that seek it; μὴ κατὰ ἐπιστήμην ἢ σύνεσιν ἐκείνου, μηδὲ κατὰ νόησιν, ὥσπερ τὰ ἄλλα νοητὰ, ἀλλὰ κατὰ πίστιν ἐπιστήμης κρείττονα.

But though it does not yet appear what we shall be; yet so much already appears of it, that it cannot but seem the most worthy Object of our Endeavours and Desires; and by some few Clusters that have been shewn us of this good Land, we may guess what pleasant and delightful Fruit it bears: And if we have but any reverence of our selves, and will but consider the dignity of our Natures, and the vastness of that Happiness we are capable of; me thinks we should be alwayes travelling towards that Heavenly Countrey, though our way lies through a Wilderness: and be striving for this great Prize and immortal Crown; and be clearing our eyes, and purging our sight, that we may come to this Vision of God; shaking off all fond passions, and dirty desires, and breathing forth our Souls in such Aspirations as these:

My Soul thirsteth for thee, O Lord, in a dry and barren Land, where no Water is; O that thou would'st stil, and drop down the Dew of thy Heavenly Grace into all its secret Chinks and Pores; One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, That I may dwell in the House of the Lord all the dayes of my Life, and behold his Glory: for a day in thy Courts is better than a thousand, and I had rather be a Door-keeper in the House of the Lord, than dwell in the Tents of Wickedness. All the Kings of the Earth, they are thy Tributaries; the Kings of *Tarshish*, and of the Isles, bring Presents unto thee; the Kings of *Sheba* and *Seba* offer Gifts. O that we could but pay thee, that which is so due unto thee, the tribute of our Hearts! The Heathen are come into thine Inheritance; thy holy Temple have they defil'd: Help us, O God of our Salvation, and deliver us, and purge away our sins from us, for thy Name's sake! O that the Lord whom we seek, would come to his own House, and give Peace there, and fill it with his Glory! Come and cleanse thine own Temple, for we have made it a Den of Thieves, which should have been a House of Prayer! O that we might never give sleep to our eyes, nor slumber to our eye-lids, till we have prepar'd a House for the Lord, and a Tabernacle for the God of *Jacob*! The Curse of *Cain* it is fallen upon us, and we are as Vagabonds in the Earth; and wander from one Creature to another. O that our Souls might come at last to dwell in God, our fixed and eternal Habitation! We, like silly Doves, fly up and down the Earth, but can find no rest for the sole of our feet; O that, after all our wearinesse and our wandrings, we might return into the Ark; and that God would put forth his hand and take us, and pull us in unto Himself! We have too long lived upon Vanity and Emptiness, the wind and the whirl-wind; O that we may now begin to feed upon Substance, and delight our selves in Marrow and Fatness! O that God would strike our

rocky

rocky Hearts, that there might ſpring up a Fountain in the Wilderneſs, and Pools in the Deſart; that we might drink of that Water, whereof whoſoever drinks, ſhall never thirſt more; that God would give us that Portion of Goods that falleth to us, not to waſte it with riotous living, but therewith to feed our languiſhing Souls, leſt they be weary and faint by the way! We ask not the Childrens Bread, but the Crums that fall from thy Table; that our Baskets may be fill'd with thy Fragments: for they will be better than Wine, and ſweeter than the Honey, and the Honey-Comb, and more pleaſant to us than a Feaſt of fat things. We have wandred too long in a barren, and howling Deſart, where wild Beaſts, and doleful Creatures, Owls and Bats, Satyrs and Dragons, keep their haunts; O that we might be fed in green Paſtures; and led by the ſtill Waters, that the Winter might be paſt, and the Rain over and gone, that the Flowers may appear on the Earth, and the time of the ſinging of Birds may come, and the Voice of the Turtle may be heard in our Land! We have lived too long in *Sodom*, which is the place that God at laſt will deſtroy: O that we might ariſe and be gone; and, while we are lingring, that the Angels of God would lay hold upon our hands (and be merciful unto us) and bring us forth, and ſet us without the City; and that we may never look back any more, but may eſcape unto the Mountain, and dwell ſafe in the Rock of Ages! Wiſdom hath killed her Beaſts, ſhe hath mingled her Wine, and furniſhed her Table; O that we might eat of her Meat, and drink of her Wine which ſhe hath mingled! God knocks at the doors of our Hearts; O let us open unto him thoſe everlaſting Gates, that he may Sup with us, and we with him; for he will bring his Chear along with him, and will feaſt us with Manna, and Angels food! O that the Sun of Righteouſneſs might ariſe and melt the Icineſs of our Hearts! That God would ſend forth his Spirit, and with his warmth and heat diſſolve our frozen Souls; that God would breath into our minds, thoſe ſtill and gentle Gales of Divine Inſpirations, that may blow up, and increaſe in us the flames of heavenly Love! That we may be a whole burnt-Offering, and all the ſubſtance of our Souls be conſumed by fire from Heaven, and aſcend up in Clouds of Incenſe? That, as ſo many ſparks, we might be alwayes mounting upward, till we return again into our proper Elements! That, like ſo many particular Rivulets, we may be continually making toward the Sea, and never reſt till we loſe our ſelves in that Ocean of Goodneſs, from whence we firſt came! That we may open our Mouths wide, that God may ſatisfie them! That we may ſo perfectly diſcharge our ſelves of all ſtrange Deſires and Paſſions, that our Souls may be nothing elſe but a deep Emptineſs and vaſt Capacity to be fill'd with all the fulneſs of God! Let but theſe be the breathings of our Spirits, and this Divine Magnetiſm will moſt certainly draw down God into our Souls, and we ſhall have ſome Prælibations of that Happineſs; ſome ſmall glimpſes, and little diſcoveries whereof, is all that belongs to this ſtate of Mortality.

I Have as yet done but the half of my Text: and I have another Text yet to preach upon, and a very large and copious one, The great Person, whose Obsequies we here come to celebrate: His fame is so great throughout the World, that he stands in no need of an Encomium; and yet his worth is much greater than his fame; It is impossible not to speak great things of him, and yet it is impossible to speak what he deserves; and the meanness of an Oration will but sully the brightness of his Excellencies: But Custom requires that something should be said, and it is a Duty and a Debt that we owe only unto his Memory: and I hope, his great Soul, if it hath any knowledge of what is done here below, will not be offended at the smallness of our Offering.

He was born at *Cambridge*, and brought up in the Free-School there; and was ripe for the University, afore Custom would allow of his Admittance; but by that time he was Thirteen years old, he was entred into *Caius*-Colledge; and as soon as he was Graduate, he was chosen fellow. Had he lived amongst the ancient Pagans he had been usher'd into the World with a Miracle, and Swans must have danc'd and sung at his Birth; and he must have been a great *Hero*, and no less than the Son of *Apollo*, the God of Wisdom and Eloquence.

He was a Man long afore he was of Age; and knew little more of the state of Childhood, than its Innocency and Pleasantness. From the University, by that time he was Master of Arts, he removed to *London*, and became publick Lecturer in the Church of Saint *Paul's*; where he preached to the admiration and astonishment of his Auditory; and by his florid and youthful beauty, and sweet and pleasant air; and sublime and rais'd discourses, he made his hearers take him for some young Angel, newly descended from the Visions of Glory; The fame of this new Star, that out-shone all the rest of the Firmament, quickly came to the notice of the great Arch-Bishop of *Canterbury*, who would needs have him preach before him; which he performed not less to his wonder than satisfaction; His discourse was beyond exception, and beyond imitation: yet the wise Prelate thought him too young; but the great Youth humbly begg'd his Grace *to pardon that fault*, and promised, *if he liv'd, he would mend it*. However the grand Patron of Learning and Ingenuity, thought it for the advantage of the World, that such mighty Parts should be afforded better opportunities of study and improvement, than a course of constant preaching would allow of; and to that purpose he placed him in his own Colledge of *All-Souls* in *Oxford*; where Love and Admiration still waited upon him: which so long as there is any spark of ingenuity in the breasts of men, must needs be the inseparable Attendants of so extraordinary a worth and sweetness. He had not been long here, afore my Lord of *Canterbury* bestowed upon him the Rectory of *Uppingham* in *Rutland-shire*, and soon after preferr'd him to be Chaplain to King *Charles* the Martyr of blessed and immortal Memory. Thus were preferments heaped upon him, but still less than his deserts; and that not through the fault of his great Masters, but because the amplest Honours and Rewards were poor and inconsiderable, compar'd with the greatness of his Worth and Merit.

This Great Man had no sooner launch'd into the World, but a fearful Tempest arose, and a barbarous and unnatural War disturb'd a long and uninterrupted Peace and Tranquillity, and brought all things

things into disorder and confusion; but his Religion taught him to be Loyal, and ingag'd him on his *Prince*'s side, whose Cause and Quarrel he alwayes own'd and maintain'd with a great courage and constancy; till at last, he and his little Fortune were shipwrackt in that great *Hurricane*, that overturn'd both Church and State: This fatal Storm cast him ashore in a private corner of the World, and a tender Providence shrowded him under her Wings, and the Prophet was fed in the Wilderness; and his great worthiness procur'd him friends, that supplied him with bread and necessaries. In this Solitude he began to write those excellent Discourses, which are enough of themselves to furnish a Library, and will be famous to all succeeding Generations, for their greatness of Wit, and profoundness of Judgment, and richness of Fancy, and clearness of Expression, and copiousness of Invention, and general usefulness to all the purposes of a Christian: And by these he soon got a great Reputation among all persons of Judgment and Indifferency, and his Name will grow greater still, as the World grows better and wiser.

When he had spent some Years in this Retirement, it pleas'd God to visit his Family with Sickness, and to take to himself the dear Pledges of his Favour, three Sons of great hopes and expectations, within the space of two or three Months: And though he had learned a quiet Submission unto the Divine Will; yet the Affliction touch'd him so sensibly, that it made him desirous to leave the Countrey; And going to *London*, he there met my Lord *Conway*, a Person of great Honour and Generosity; who making him a kind Proffer, the good man embraced it, and that brought him over into *Ireland*, and setled him at *Portmore*, a place made for Study and Contemplation, which he therefore dearly lov'd; and here he wrote his *Cases of Conscience*; A Book that is able alone to give its Author Immortality.

By this time the Wheel of Providence brought about the King's happy Restauration, and there began a new World, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the Waters, and out of a confused *Chaos* brought forth Beauty and Order, and all the Three Nations were inspir'd with a new Life, and became drunk with an excess of Joy: Among the rest, this Loyal Subject went over to congratulate the Prince and Peoples Happiness, and bear a part in the Universal Triumph.

It was not long ere his Sacred Majesty began the settlement of the Church, and the great Doctor *Jeremy Taylor* was resolv'd upon for the Bishoprick of *Down* and *Conor*; and not long after, *Dromore* was added to it: and it was but reasonable that the King and Church should consider their Champion, and reward the pains and sufferings he under-went in the Defence of their Cause and Honour. With what care and faithfulness he discharg'd his Office, we are all his Witnesses; what good Rules and Directions he gave his Clergy, and how he taught us the practice of them by his own Example. Upon his coming over Bishop, he was made a Privy-Councellor; and the University of *Dublin* gave him their Testimony, by recommending him for their Vice-Chancellor: which honourable Office he kept to his dying day.

During his being in this See, he wrote several excellent Discourses, particularly his *Dissuasive from Popery* (which was receiv'd by a general approbation;) and a *Vindication* of it (now in the Press) from some impertinent Cavillers, that pretend to answer Books, when there is nothing towards it, more than the very *Title-page*. This great Prelate

late improv'd his Talent with a mighty Industry, and managed his Stewardship rarely well; and his Master, when he call'd for his Accounts, found him busie and at his Work, and employed upon an excellent Subject, *A Discourse upon the Beatitudes*; which, if finisht, would have been of great use to the World, and solv'd most of the Cases of Conscience that occur to a Christian, in all the varieties of states and conditions. But the All-wise God hath ordained it otherwise, and hath called home his good Servant, to give him a portion in that Blessedness that Jesus Christ hath promised to all his faithful Disciples and Followers.

Thus having given you a brief Account of his Life, I know you will now expect a character of his Person; but I fore-see, it will befal him, as it does all Glorious Subjects, that are but disparaged by a commendation; One thing I am secure of, that I shall not be thought to speak *Hyperboles*; for the Subject can hardly be reached, by any expressions: For he was none of God's ordinary works, but his Endowments were so many, and so great, as really made him a Miracle.

Nature had befriended him much in his Constitution; for he was a person of a most sweet and obliging Humour, of great Candour and Ingenuity; and there was so much of Salt and fineness of Wit, and prettiness of Address in his familiar Discourses, as made his Conversation have all the pleasantness of a Comedy, and all the usefulness of a Sermon: His Soul was made up of Harmony, and he never spake, but he charm'd his Hearer, not only with the clearness of his Reason; but all his Words, and his very Tone, and Cadencies were strangely Musical.

But, That which did most of all captivate and enravish, was, The gaiety and richness of his Fancy; for he had much in him of that natural Enthusiasm, that inspires all great Poets and Orators; and there was a generous ferment in his Blood and Spirits, that set his Fancy bravely a work, and made it swell, and teem, and become pregnant to such degrees of Luxuriancy, as nothing but the greatness of his Wit and judgment, could have kept it within due bounds and measures.

And indeed it was a rare Mixture; and a single Instance, hardly to be found in an Age: for the great Tryer of Wits has told us, That there is a peculiar and several *Complexion*, requir'd for *Wit*, and *Judgment*, and *Fancy*; and yet you might have found all these, in this great Personage, in their Eminency and Perfection. But that which made his Wit and Judgment so considerable, was the largeness and freedom of his Spirit, for truth is plain and easie to a mind dis-intangled from Superstition and Prejudice; He was one of the Ἐκλεκτικοὶ, a sort of brave Philosophers that *Laertius* speaks of, that did not addict themselves to any particular Sect, but ingeniously sought for Truth among all the wrangling Schools; and they found her miserably torn and rent to pieces, and parcell'd into Rags, by the several contending Parties, and so disfigur'd and mishapen, that it was hard to know her; but they made a shift to gather up her scatter'd Limbs, which as soon as they came together, by a strange sympathy and connaturalness, presently united into a lovely and beautiful body. This was the Spirit of this Great Man; he weighed mens Reasons, and not their Names, and was not scared with the ugly Vizars men usually put upon Persons they hate, and Opinions they dislike; nor affrighted with the Anathema's and Execrations of an infallible Chair, which he look'd upon only as Bug-bears to terrifie weak, and childish minds. He considered

that

that it is not likely any one Party ſhould wholly engroſs Truth to themſelves; that Obedience is the only way to true Knowledge; (which is an argument that he has manag'd rarely well, in that excellent Sermon of his, which he calls, *Via Intelligentiæ*;) that God alwayes, and only teaches docible and ingenuous minds, that are willing to hear, and ready to obey according to their Light; that it is impoſſible, a pure, humble, reſigned, God-like Soul, ſhould be kept out of Heaven, whatever miſtakes it might be ſubject to in this ſtate of Mortality; that the deſign of Heaven is not to fill mens heads, and feed their Curioſities, but to better their Hearts, and mend their Lives. Such Conſiderations as theſe, made him impartial in his Diſquiſitions, and give a due allowance to the Reaſons of his Adverſary, and contend for Truth, and not for Victory.

And now you will eaſily believe that an ordinary Diligence would be able to make great Improvements upon ſuch a Stock of Parts and Endowments; but to theſe advantages of Nature, and excellency of his Spirit, he added an indefatigable Induſtry, and God gave a plentiful Benediction: for, there were very few Kinds of Learning, but he was a *Maſter*, and a great Maſter in them: He was a rare Humaniſt, and hugely vers'd in all the polite parts of Learning; and had throughly concocted all the ancient Moraliſts, *Greek* and *Roman*, Poets and Orators; and was not unacquainted with the refined Wits of the later Ages, whether *French*, or *Italian*.

But he had not only the Accompliſhments of a Gentleman, but ſo univerſal were his Parts, that they were proportioned to every thing; and though his Spirit and Humour were made up of Smoothneſs and Gentleneſs, yet he could bear with the Harſhneſs and Roughneſs of the Schools; and was not unſeen in their Subtilties and Spinoſities, and upon occaſion could make them ſerve his purpoſe; and yet, I believe, he thought many of them very near a kin to the famous Knight of the *Mancha*, and would make ſport ſometimes with the Romantick Sophiſtry, and phantaſtick Adventures of School-Errantry. His Skill was great, both in the Civil and Canon Law, and Caſuiſtical Divinity; and he was a rare Conductor of Souls, and knew how to Counſel, and to Adviſe; to ſolve Difficulties, and determine Caſes, and quiet Conſciences. And he was no Novice in Mr. *I. S.* new Science of *Controverſie*; but could manage an Argument, and Reparties with a ſtrange dexterity; He underſtood what the ſeveral Parties in Chriſtendom have to ſay for themſelves, and could plead their Cauſe to better advantage than any Advocate of their Tribe: and when he had done, he could confute them too; and ſhew, That better Arguments than ever they could produce for themſelves, would afford no ſufficient ground for their fond Opinions.

It would be too great a Task to purſue his Accompliſhments through the various Kinds of Literature: I ſhall content my ſelf to add only his great Acquaintance with the Fathers and Eccleſiaſtical Writers, and the Doctors of the firſt and pureſt Ages both of the Greek and Latin Church; which he has made uſe of againſt the Romaniſts, to vindicate the *Church of England* from the Challenge of Innovation, and prove her to be truly Ancient, Catholick, and Apoſtolical.

But Religion and Vertue is the Crown of all other Accompliſhments; and it was the Glory of this great man, to be thought a Chriſtian, and whatever you added to it, he look't upon as a term of diminution:

nution; and yet he was a Zealous Son of the Church of *England*; but that was because he judg'd her (and with great reason) a Church the most purely Christian of any in the World. In his younger years he met with some Assaults from Popery; and the high pretensions of their Religious Orders were very accommodate to his Devotional Temper: but he was alwayes so much Master of himself, that he would never be governed by any thing but Reason, and the evidence of Truth, which engag'd him in the study of those Controversies; and to how good purpose, the World is by this time a sufficient Witness: But the longer, and the more he considered, the worse he lik'd the *Roman* Cause, and became at last to censure them with some severity; But I confess I have so great an opinion of his Judgment, and the charitableness of his Spirit, that I am afraid he did not think worse of them than they deserve.

But Religion is not a matter of Theory and Orthodox Notions; and it is not enough to believe aright, but we must practise accordingly; and to master our passions, and to make a right use of that αὐτεξούσιον, and power that God has given us over our own actions, is a greater glory than all other Accomplishments that can adorn the mind of Man; and therefore I shall close my Character of this great Personage with a touch upon some of those Vertues, for which his Memory will be pretious to all *Posterity*. He was a *Person* of great Humility; and, notwithstanding his stupendious Parts, and Learning, and Eminency of Place, he had nothing in him of Pride and Humour, but was Courteous and Affable, and of easie Access, and would lend a ready Ear to the complaints, yea to the impertinencies, of the meanest persons. His Humility was coupled with an Extraordinary Piety; and, I believe, he spent the greatest part of his time in Heaven; his solemn hours of *Prayer* took up a considerable portion of his Life; and we are not to doubt, but he had learned of S. *Paul* to pray continually; and that occasional Ejaculations, and frequent Aspirations and Emigrations of his *Soul* after God, made up the best part of his Devotions. But he was not only a *Good Man* God-ward, but he was come to the top of S. *Peter*'s gradation, and to all his other Vertues added a large and diffusive Charity: And, whoever compares his plentiful Incomes, with the inconsiderable Estate he left at his Death, will be easily convinc'd that Charity was Steward for a great proportion of his Revenue. But the Hungry that he fed, and the Naked that he cloath'd, and the Distressed that he supply'd, and the Fatherless that he provided for; the poor Children that he put to Apprentice, and brought up at School, and maintained at the University, will now sound a Trumpet to that Charity which he dispersed with his right hand, but would not suffer his left hand to have any knowledge of it.

To sum up all in a few words; This Great Prelate he had the good Humour of a Gentleman, the Eloquence of an Orator, the Fancy of a Poet, the Acuteness of a School-man, the Profoundness of a Philosopher, the Wisdom of a Counsellor, the Sagacity of a Prophet, the Reason of an Angel, and the Piety of a Saint: He had Devotion enough for a Cloyster, Learning enough for an University, and Wit enough for a Colledge of *Virtuosi*; and, had his *Parts* and *Endowments* been parcell'd out among his poor *Clergy*, that he left behind him, it would perhaps have made one of the best Dioceses in the World. But alas! *Our Father, our Father! the Horses of our Israel, and the Chariot thereof*;

thereof; he is gone, and has carried his Mantle and his Spirit along with him up to Heaven; and the Sons of the Prophets have loſt all their beauty and luſtre which they enjoyed only from the reflexion of his Excellencies, which were bright and radiant enough to caſt a glory upon a whole Order of Men. But the Sun of this our world after many attempts to break through the Cruſt of an earthly Body, is at laſt ſwallowed up in the great *Vortex* of Eternity, and there all his *Maculæ* are ſcattered and diſſolved, and he is fixt in an Orb of Glory, and ſhines among his Brethren-ſtars, that in their ſeveral Ages gave light to the World, and turn'd many Souls unto Righteouſneſs; and we that are left behind, though we can never reach his Perfections, muſt ſtudy to imitate his Vertues, that we may at laſt come to ſit at his feet in the Manſions of Glory; which God grant for his infinite mercies in Jeſus Chriſt: To whom, with the Father, through the Eternal Spirit, be aſcribed all Honour and Glory, Worſhip and Thankſgiving, Love and Obedience, now and for evermore. *Amen.*

FINIS.